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NOVELTIES IN GOLD AND SILVER JEWELLERY. SPECIALITIES IN GEM BETROTHAL RINGS, FROM £1 TO £100.

Ten per cent Discount during the Season.

Vol. II.  
No. 61.

JAN. 12,  
1877.

The image is the front cover of a vintage magazine. At the top left, there's a small shield containing two figures. To the right of the shield, the volume and issue number are printed: "Vol. II. No. 61.". In the top right corner, the date is given as "JAN. 12, 1877." The main title, "CITY JACKDAW", is written in large, bold, black letters. The letter "I" in "CITY" has a vertical line through its center. The letter "A" in "JACKDAW" has a horizontal line through its middle. Below the title is a detailed black and white illustration of a jackdaw, a dark-colored bird with a lighter belly, perched on a stone ledge. It is looking down towards the bottom of the page. The background of the cover features a stylized representation of a city skyline with several arched windows or arches. The overall style is characteristic of late 19th-century print design.

S. LAWTON - PROPRIETOR.

S. LAWTON PROPRIETOR.

十一

# KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

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116 YEARS.

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SEVENTY-NINE YEARS.  
**OCULIST AND OPTICIAN,** ESTABLISHED  
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A Large Stock of Magic Lanterns and Slides. Opera, Race, Field, and Marine Glasses in Great Variety. Spectacles and Artificial Eyes accurately adapted.

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Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.**

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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Crusts, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches; 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

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**THE MOROCCO VIGNETTE,  
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ON and after Monday, January 1st, 1877, a PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR will be run between MANCHESTER and LONDON by the trains leaving Manchester (London Road) at 11 30 p.m., and London (St. Pancras) at 12 midnight, every night (Sundays excepted). The charge for a Berth in the Sleeping Car will be 5s. in addition to the ordinary first-class fare. Berths may be secured in advance on application at the Midland Railway Booking Offices, at London Road Station, Manchester; or at St. Pancras Station, London.

A PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR is run between LONDON and MANCHESTER by the Down Express Train leaving London (St. Pancras) at 10 a.m., and the Up Express Train leaving Manchester (London Road) at 4 50 p.m. on weekdays. The charge for Seats in the Drawing-room Car has been reduced from 4s. 6d. to 3s., in addition to the first-class ordinary fare.

The Pullman Cars are comfortably warmed and ventilated, fitted with a lavatory, and accompanied by a special attendant.

### SERVICE OF EXPRESS TRAINS BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

Stations.	To LONDON.—Weekdays.							Sun.	Stations.	From LONDON.—Weekdays.							Sun.
	Exp. a.m.	Exp. 9 50	Exp. 11 25	p.m. 1 0	p.m. 2 35	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.			Fast. a.m.	Exp. 9 37	Exp. a.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	Exp. p.m.	p.m. 11 40	
Manchester:— London Road....dep.	7 0	9 50	11 25	1 0	2 35	4 50	11 30	4 50	London:— Moorgate-street...dep.	5 15	10 0	11 41	2 56	4 40	11 40	2 56	
London:— St. Pancras.....arr.	11 50	2 55	4 15	6 15	8 40	9 50	5 15	10 5	St. Pancras..... Manchester:— London Road....arr.	12 0	8 15	5 0	12 0	2 50			
Moorgate-street ..	12 7	3 8	4 33	6 31	8 57	10 2	..	..		10 0	2 50	5 0	8 10	9 45	5 10	8 0	

\* Pullman Drawing-room Car. † Pullman Sleeping Car. Third-class tickets are issued by all trains.

Derby, December, 1876.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

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High-class Watch Manufacturers, Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, &c.,

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SPECIALITIES IN GEM BETROTHAL RINGS. SPECIALITIES IN WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

## Can Economy of Fuel be combined with the Perfect Combustion or Prevention of Smoke?

We reply yes, by combining two systems, not otherwise. After five years' experience, with continual trials, our PATENT MECHANICAL STOKER, of which there are 1250 at work, has proved itself economical; and since the prevention of smoke has become of importance, we have introduced by far the most simple, durable, and easily-worked self-cleaning bars in existence.

For £65 we supply these bars, with hopper to put the coal in, forming a perfectly simple and smoke-preventing self-acting furnace.

But self-cleaning bars alone will not produce an appreciable economy, so that there is no return for the outlay except the saving in labour.

But our HENDERSON STOKER AND SELF-CLEANING BARS COMBINED not only save labour, prevent the smoke being produced, save the expansion and contraction of the boiler plates from irregular firing, but what is of equal immediate importance, produces a saving of from £50 to £100 a year on each boiler fitted. We are unaware of any other stoker which has been proved to increase the amount of work a boiler can do. We have, however, many cases where, as at the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, two boilers do the work formerly done with difficulty by three.

## THE MECHANICAL STOKER COMPANY, 37, HANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

### OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Large arrival of DUTCH NATIVES twice a week. Also their far-famed FLEETWOOD OYSTERS for cooking or eating. Hotels, restaurants, and families supplied, from £1.6d. per score. Large AMERICAN OYSTERS always on hand. Note the address—

KENNEDY, LITTLE, & CO.,  
8, VICTORIA MARKET, MANCHESTER.

T. STENSBY,  
GUN & PISTOL MAKER,  
11, HANGING DITCH.

ESTABLISHED 1810.

EASE, Comfort, Cleanliness, Adaptation to Form of Body, Noiselessness, and Economy are all attained to perfection in the

"EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS, which is confidently recommended as the best Spring Mattress before the public. It is made to fit any size of wood or iron bedstead, and constitutes a wonderfully elastic and comfortable bed, perfectly noiseless in all its movements; it is extremely simple, and does not get out of order, nor does it corrode; is very durable, and combines great strength with lightness and elegance; is easily repaired by any person, articles needed can be sent through the post. The principle of construction prevents depression in the centre, and insures complete isolation where two occupy a bed. Only a thin hair mattress being necessary, feather beds, cumbersome straw and flock palliasses are dispensed with; cost of bedding is much reduced, and bed-making becomes far less laborious; sweetness and purity—conditions so essential to health—result from the change. From a sanitary point of view its advantages are obvious and undeniable, and have led to its being largely used in infirmaries, hospitals, and asylums. Made as a camp bed it is peculiarly applicable for use as an additional bed in sick rooms, instead of a couch during convalescence, and as an occasional bed for visitors; the legs being folded under and the head-board removed, it takes up little room when stowed away. Circulars and price lists sent. Retail from cabinet makers and furnishers; wholesale from

CHORLTON & DUGDALE,  
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Established Twenty-two Years.—Under New Management.

296, OXFORD ROAD, opposite Owens College.

F. RAWCLIFFE (late William Marshall),  
GENERAL & FURNISHING IRONMONGER,  
AUTHORISED GASPIRITER, LOCKSMITH, BELLHANGER.  
Efficient workmen always ready.  
REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

A trial solicited.

### OYSTERS! OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT  
Is a barrel or hamper of ANGLO-PORTUGO  
OYSTERS, containing

50 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife.... 5s. 6d.  
100 OYSTERS and an Oyster-knife.... 10s. 0d.

Send direct from the beds, carriage paid, to  
any station of the United Kingdom.

Apply, with remittance, to THOS. BRIGHTMAN,  
sen., Manager of the "Anglo-Portugo" Oyster  
Fisheries, Queenboro', Kent. The trade supplied.

W. HODGSON,  
THE PEOPLE'S BUTCHER,

117, STRETFTORD ROAD,

Next to Trinity Church,

Having tried the credit system for twenty years, purposes to  
sell for cash at the following prices:

BEEF.	MUTTON.
Bounds, Ribs, and Sirloin .....	9 <i>1</i> / <i>2</i> d. Legs and Loins .....
Top Ribs .....	8 <i>1</i> / <i>2</i> d. Shoulders .....
Neck Veins .....	5 <i>1</i> / <i>2</i> d. Necks .....
	7 <i>1</i> / <i>2</i> d. Breasts .....
	6 <i>1</i> / <i>2</i> d.

1877. CALVERT'S Mechanics' Almanack, 4d.  
CALVERT'S Sheet Memoranda and Calendar, 1d.

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Positively forced to grow heavily in six weeks by FOX'S  
NOTED FORMULA. Thousands can testify to the same.  
A sure remedy for baldness. Harmless to the skin. Thirteen  
stamps. Mr. JOHN FOX, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

N.B.—Note name and address. Beware of delusive advertisements. Twenty years' unrivalled success.

## BILLIARDS.

### JOHN O'BRIEN,

The only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites INSPECTION OF HIS STOCK OF BILLIARD TABLES, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the IMPROVED FAST CUSHION, that will never become hard.

Globe Billiard Works, 42, Lower King St.

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CORPORATION STREET.

Works: New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

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The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kind of Commercial Printing.

JOHN HARDMAN, Manager.

## RECENTLY ENLARGED PREMISES

**JAMES LOWE'S,**

13, 15, 17, 19, OLDHAM STREET.

**THE SALE 1877 IS NOW TAKING PLACE.**

GREATLY INCREASED BUSINESS AREA. NEW BUILDING, ON ADDITIONAL SITE, NOW COMPLETED AND DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE

**GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT.**

The unusual facilities afforded to the Hosiery Department by the large additional space which has been assigned to it from the recent EXTENSION OF PREMISES to Back Piccadilly, enable us at this time to place before the public a larger and more important Collection of GENERAL HOISIERY GOODS than has been possible at any previous sale in this Establishment.

An inspection of the enormous and Valuable Stock of Goods contained in it will indicate how far advantage has been taken of the NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

**KID GLOVE DEPARTMENT.**

Extra Purchase of upwards of 8000 Dozen of Ladies and Gentlemen's Best Makes of French and Brussels Gloves.

We have just effected the above purchase, on exceptional terms, in Paris, Grenoble, and Brussels; and we desire to intimate that it has never been our privilege to offer at any previous sale so large and varied an assortment of styles and shades in these goods, suitable for both evening and ordinary wear, as will be found in this extraordinary consignment.

The above are in One, Two, Three, Four, and Six Buttons.

Lot 1.—Ladies' Kid Gloves (manufactured by Jonniaux, Brussels), sale price, 2s.; regular price, 3s.

Lot 2.—Ladies' Paris Kid Gloves (Courvoisier's make), sale price, 2s. 4½d.; regular price, 3s. 6d. and 4s.

Lot 3.—Ladies' Embroidered Kid Gloves, our regular make stamped "James Lowe, Manchester." Our customers will recognize these goods as the same quality supplied to them during this present season at the higher prices quoted below:—

One Button, New Embroidery; sale price, 2s. 4½d.; usual price, 3s.

Two Buttons, New Embroidery; sale price, 2s. 9d.; usual price, 3s. 6d.

Three Buttons, New Embroidery; sale price, 3s. 3d.; usual price, 4s.

Four Buttons, New Embroidery; sale price, 3s. 9d.; usual price, 4s. 9d. Assortment of shades and the colours of silk with which they are sewn are as follow:—

**FOR OUT-DOOR WEAR.**

Chocolate sewn self, Prune sewn self, Navy sewn self, Bottle sewn self, Slate sewn self.

Slate sewn Black, Slate sewn Lavender, Navy sewn Cardinal, Navy sewn Sky, Chocolate sewn Ecru, Chocolate sewn Brown, Mid-Brown sewn

Ecrù, Prune sewn Sky, Bottle sewn Cardinal, Black Embroidered Black, Black sewn Cardinal, Black sewn White, Black sewn Lavender, Black sewn Pink, Black sewn Light Blue.

**FOR EVENING WEAR, 2 AND 4 BUTTONS ONLY.**

Ecrù embroidered Rose, Ecrù sewn Cardinal, Ecrù sewn Pale Blue, Ecrù sewn self, Pink sewn self, Sky sewn self, White sewn Sky, Cardinal, and Pink.

Lot 4.—300 Dozen Two-button Paris Kid Gloves—goods made in excess of orders, and therefore in a great variety of styles (Courvoisier's and Fontaine's makes exclusively); sale price, 3s. 3d. per pair; usual price, 4s. 6d. and 5s.

Lot 5.—100 Dozen Gentlemen's best quality Cheverettes, dark coloured and piqué Paris Kid Gloves; sale price, 2s. 9d. per pair; regular price, 4s. 9d.

To Gentlemen wearing small-sized gloves the following will be suitable:—70 dozen Ladies' large-size Light Fancy Paris Kid; sale price, 2s. 4½d.; regular price, 4s.

Sample pairs of Gloves forwarded by post for one penny extra. Fancy boxes to contain 3 or 6 pairs, sixpence each.

**BLACK SILKS.**

In this Department great advantages are offered during the Sale. Having placed large orders with English and Foreign manufacturers previous to the recent advance in the price of Silks, we are enabled to submit the whole of our stock at more than 25 per cent below present value, consisting of the most reliable makes of Lyons goods. The following are a few of the leading prices:—

The Dress of 12 yards, 30s. 6d.; present value, 42s. 6d.

12 "	33s. 6d.;	"	45s.
12 "	35s. 6d.;	"	48s.
12 "	39s.;	"	52s.
12 "	45s.;	"	59s.
12 "	51s.;	"	68s.
12 "	59s.;	"	74s.
12 "	66s.;	"	82s.

5500 yards Black Silk, in lengths varying from 4 to 40 yards, purchased

at a discount of 22½ per cent, submitted at the following low quotations:—

2s. 6½d.	per yard;	present value, 3s. 3½d.
2s. 9d.	"	" 3s. 6½d.
2s. 11½d.	"	" 3s. 9d.
3s. 3d.	"	" 4s. 1½d.
3s. 6d.	"	" 4s. 6d.
3s. 11½d.	"	" 5s. 8d.

The higher numbers will be found on inspection to be equally cheap.

For further particulars see Catalogue.

**JAMES LOWE, 13, 15, 17, and 19, Oldham Street, Piccadilly end.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 61.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 12, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## MEDDLESOME PRESBYTERS.

THE revivified Church court—which has burst upon public life in Manchester like a new orb sailing into a somewhat bare and dreary firmament—promises, if it should proceed in the meddlesome and turbulent course which it has hitherto pursued, to furnish as much matter for club and table talk as the Town Council or the School Board. The beauty, symmetry, and well-ordered completeness of the Presbyterian form of government commend it to the admiration, and sometimes to the envy of religious people who desire to see the system of just representation and equality before the law which they enjoy in civil life imported into their church organisations. It is a system in which every church member enjoys the franchise, and the poorest and humblest has the right and opportunity of carrying his grievance on appeal to the highest and most representative court of his church. Such is Presbytery theoretically. What has it done practically? Enthusiastic statisticians in the body—*e.g.*, Mr. Samuel Stitt, of Liverpool—will tell you that look the world over you will find it containing more Presbyterians than members of any other Christian denomination; and this, though it may be admitted that Episcopalian sects had a good fifteen hundred years' start in the race. But take the case of Scotland alone. Twice within the century, Presbytery, by the power of united effort, of which its close and well-knit phalanx interlinked in brotherly bonds makes it capable, has covered the land with voluntary churches. The United Presbyterian churches in the early part of the century were slowly but steadily planted alike in the centres of the crowded city populations of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dundee, and in isolated villages like sleepy Muckhart nestling in the wilds of the Ochils, or far-remote Lauder high up in the heart of the Border Highlands. Again, in 1843-4, by a more rapid and complete process, the Free Church planted a church, and in most cases a school, in every parish in the land—Highlands and Islands alike—among the lone moorlands of Western Ross and Sutherland, in the glens of Inverness-shire and Lorn, and even upon the almost inaccessible ocean fastnesses of the Outer Hebrides. These are works whose greatness we recognise. We admire the organisation which more than anything else has made the Free Churches of Scotland the dominant religious influence in the land, and cannot blink the fact that it is to the want of some similar system, more than to any other cause, that the Nonconformists in England are a comparatively feeble folk. It is, therefore, in no spirit of disrespect that we approach the criticism of some recent doings, or attempts at doing, of a reverend court in Manchester, which seem to have a tendency to make Presbytery somewhat ridiculous.

Presbytery is a powerful instrument, when wielded by great artists and touched to high issues. Administered by men of crust and meddlesome dispositions, it is quite capable of becoming an irksome and intolerable tyranny where it does not, by failure in its application of great force to petty ends, become first of all a laughing-stock. Now, there are unfortunately in the Presbytery of Manchester at least two meddlesome brethren, careful about many things which they had much better leave alone, who might become a scourge and sore affliction to plain-minded people, if happily they were not curbed and checkmated by the *vis inertiae* of more sober-minded men. We remember how, at a recent meeting, Mr. Reid, of Salford, held up to a recalcitrant brother, who was determined not to apologise for not writing an apology on account of his possible absence from an occasional meeting of the venerable court, the awful example of another rebel in a northern Presbytery, who had said "he wouldn't do, and wouldn't do, but at last was very glad to go down on his knees and say he

would do." On the same occasion Mr. W. Rigby Murray, with happy inconsistency, proclaimed in a breath the inexcusable offence of a country brother missing a meeting at Brunswick Street; and in the next the impossibility of getting Manchester ministers to attend a Presbytery sate at Leeds. It is odd to find these two fathers and brethren united again in a new crusade against the peace of co-Presbyters who desire to dwell at ease in their particular Zions. They have at least the great comfort and consolation of Daniel, in their vexation and sorrow at the backslidings of a crooked and perverse generation, that they "dare to stand alone." Here is the situation. Dr. M'Kerrow, who confesses with good humour that some of his friends think him too lax a Moderator, is obliged early in the meeting on Monday afternoon to leave the chair, and he asks Mr. Reid to take his place at the helm. As the transference of the man at the wheel occurs, we instinctively look out for squalls, and are not disappointed. Mr. Reid has not a single rod, but a whole fagot in pickle for his brethren. He has been convener of a committee on the subject of Presbyterial visitation; he has called the committee together the day before the ordinary meeting of Presbytery, to consider and adopt an exhaustive scheme which he has carefully planned. Unless we are to suppose that Mr. Reid fasts on Presbytery days, we must assume that this meeting was a very brief one, for it is more than a hop, step, and jump from the manse in Salford to the schoolroom in Brunswick Street, and being able to vouch that the rev. Presbyter was most vigilant in his attendance at the five hours' sederunt of Presbytery from two to seven o'clock, we are much at a loss to know upon any other supposition how, when, and where he got his dinner. What was the scheme which Mr. Reid had so elaborately prepared, and which the other members of the committee so readily swallowed and rapidly digested at this snatch meeting? It was a proposal which, notwithstanding some bold and random assertions to the contrary made on Monday afternoon, was in its essence alike un-Presbyterian and unprecedented. It was the appointment of a Riding Commission or Peripatetic Inquisition, composed of six select members of Presbytery, who upon no cause shown should visit the different congregations in rotation, with power to summon before them ministers, sessions, deacons' courts, and committees of management, Sunday-school teachers, heads of families, treasurers, clerks, beadle, and church-cleaners to answer for their conduct—or in the actual words of the report, for "their numbers and efficiency," for their "attendance on the stated means of grace," etc., for "their attention to the private duties of religion in the several families," and so on. We do not envy the minister or elder who would desire to operate upon such an Inquisition, or to be armed with such powers. If he is anxious to be fully informed upon these matters of inquiry he will have sufficient occupation in looking after the concerns of his own immediate flock. If he feels himself competent for these individual duties, and conscientious in their discharge, would it not be well to assume that other parties are equally competent and equally conscientious, and to abide the tender of his interference and advice in respect of other shepherds' folds until such interference and advice are asked or called for? But, it may be said, if you thus limit the work of Presbyteries, what becomes of Presbyterial action? where are your Presbyterial functions? They are not questioned by those who object to Mr. Reid's motion. It is he and his follower who arraign the Presbyterian system. They have weighed it in the Salford balance, and found it wanting. It is not sufficient for them that every member of the church should have the right of bringing his grievance before them. They must see, if a man does not bring up his grievance, why he has not a grievance. If he does not find that he is in any way aggrieved, they

want to employ expert and experienced grievance-seekers to coach him in grievance-mongering.

Mr. Reid having laid his scheme before the Presbytery, it was received in solemn silence. Being obliged to leave the Moderator's chair before preferring his indictment against Presbyterian order, Mr. Reid had bottled the only brother who was prepared to support his revolutionary proposal—the Rev. W. Rigby Murray. The pause which followed the challenge of the deputy of the Moderator *pro tem.*, as to whether Mr. Reid's motion had a seconder, was deep and chilling. A cold fit seemed to steep the spirits of the Presbyters. Then followed a scene of the highest dramatic interest, in which the balance hovered tremulously between the sublime and the ridiculous. Mr. Murray peered dubiously at Mr. Reid, and Mr. Reid returned Mr. Murray's perplexed and disappointed gaze. The Presbytery looked on listening, hushed. At last Mr. Murray said, "If nobody else will second the motion I will; will you take the chair, Mr. Reid?" Mr. Reid took the chair, and Mr. Murray seconded the motion with appropriate solemnity. *Il Penseroso* was quickly succeeded by *L'Allegro*—the latter personated by the Rev. J. A. Gardiner. Though the manner and sayings of the minister of Grosvenor Square smack occasionally somewhat of the sawdust, and suggest a display of ground and lofty tumbling, the reverend and dignified gentleman has a genuine sense of humour, and a ready and biting wit. He had unfortunately made a jocular remark in the middle of Mr. Reid's address, and when he got up to speak he began with a gentlemanly reference to the unfortunate slip of the tongue which had disconcerted his reverend father.

"There is no need for an apology," said the Moderator *pro tem.*

"I was not going to apologise," replied Mr. Gardiner, and proceeded to explain that public men must always be ready for interruptions, both deliberate and unintentional, for, he added, "we are all apt to soliloquise, and sometimes words get beyond your lips before we know where we are."

"It is a great pity," interjected Mr. Rigby Murray, with bitterness.

"A living instance," said Mr. Gardiner, very patly.

"I do hope this will cease," said the Moderator, gravely.

"I do hope so," added Mr. Gardiner, with deeper solemnity, at the same time winking at a friendly elder.

"And that the occasion of them will cease also," said the Moderator, with fierce rebuke in his eye.

The "occasion of them" here referred to by the Moderator was Mr. Gardiner, but he did not cease, nor show sign of ceasing, until he had uplifted a very emphatic and plain-spoken testimony against cliques and corners, and in favour of the established Presbyterian order. Mr. Lees followed on the same constitutional lines, and a spirited debate followed, which there is the less reason to follow since it will in all probability be renewed a month hence. It is worth noting, however, before concluding, that a business which began with meddling ended in a complete muddle. Mr. Reid, acting as Moderator, would insist in treating a proposal for the adjournment, not upon its own merits, but as an amendment to his resolution. This course, which is utterly opposed to all the practice of public meetings, cannot fail to land any public body upon whom it is practised in a dilemma. It was pointed out to Mr. Reid that if the house decided to adjourn the debate his motion would not be shelved, the matter would remain *sub judice*, and would, after receiving mature consideration and reflection, be re-discussed. If they declined to adjourn the discussion would be continued, and a division could be taken. The Moderator, however, was in his stiffest mood of "wouldn't do, and wouldn't do," and insisted upon putting the adjournment as an amendment against his motion. After half an hour's wrangling upon this point Mr. Reid took his own way, and the result was that there voted

For the adjournment .....	18
For Mr. Reid's motion.....	1

The single supporter of the motion being Mr. Murray.

DEBATEABLE GROUND.—The Infirmary Site.

#### BISHOP FRASER'S POPULARITY.

THE world, the flesh, and the devil are the three things which all of us, who own the authority of the Bishop of Manchester, have sworn to abandon and fight against, and the Bishop is not slack in reminding us of the circumstance. It is not so much for us to fall out with his lordship on that account, as to criticise his method. The Bishop, in the obvious sincerity of his desire to do good, reminds us forcibly of an energetic but unskillful angler whom we once saw ineffectually whipping the shallows and unlikely places of a trout-stream, while a more experienced hand was pulling out big fish from the deeps below. It strikes us that the zeal of Dr. Fraser is expending itself more and more on fishing in very shallow waters, where there are, at best, abiding nothing but small fry. It is with all humility we write thus; nor should we have the opportunity and justification were the Bishop not continually straying on that neutral ground whereon Church dignitaries become as liable to criticism as any other mortals. It is for this very reason that Dr. Fraser is admired of some. They say that they like a bishop who is not too dignified to be outspoken, and who utters plain truths such as a layman can lay hold of. This is very well, but this admiration, if we take the trouble to analyse it, will not, we fear, with most of us amount to very much. The Bishop is given to the utterance of plain truths. Good. That is as much as to say that his weekly or almost daily remarks are of such a nature as to make good reading in the newspapers. His sayings are read or listened to, and bandied about from mouth to mouth. "Have you read what the Bishop says about the Prince's Theatre?" says one. "The Bishop has been on about the *tableaux vivans* again," says another. "Did you read what the Bishop said about Belle Vue?" says a third. Now, a Bishop who talks about theatres, *tableaux vivans*, dancing-saloons, Belle Vue, and so on, cannot fail to be popular. Whether his lordship deserves to be accused of courting that popularity is a question into which we will not enter, and we must not be quoted as making any such accusation. People like the Bishop, they say, "because he is so practical." Good. Most people can admire the industry and patient energy of the angler on the shallows, though he catches nothing, or only small fry. If we take all this practical talk of the Bishop's, and set it apart from the amusement and interest which such utterances naturally excite, what will it amount to? The answer must be, mere wind or froth. We beg his lordship's pardon for being excessively plain spoken, but having made his remarks our study for the last twelve months, we cannot find in any of them anything calculated to stir the depths of people's consciences. It is needless to say that of Bishop Fraser as a preacher, pure and simple, we have nothing to say in this article. He is treated of here as a popular orator. When the Bishop, as he did last week, attacks the photographs outside a theatre, for instance, it must be owned that he is fishing in very shallow water indeed; and supposing him to be fishing for popularity, we must assume that his lordship "knows the water," to use an angling phrase. It is not, however, on such shallows as these that anything better worth having is to be caught. Undoubtedly there must be some way of getting at the people who are driven to vice by contemplating those pictures; but as a matter of fact, like thousands of other people, having been led to pause and look at the photographs by hearing his lordship talk about them, we do not feel a bit the worse for the inspection. In fact, the pictures seemed to us exceedingly artistic, not at all immodest, and a very excellent advertisement for the brilliant and harmless spectacle now going on within. But we ought not to go and see such things, says the Bishop; we ought to enjoy Irving. Here, again, is the Bishop fishing in exceedingly shallow waters. Some of us have a reverence and admiration for the genius of Shakspere, and however much we may deplore the degeneracy of the drama, we do not love to have the sentiments we have acquired by reading rudely outraged by experimental posturing, however clever. To our mind, any number of what the Bishop calls "half-naked"

KNITTING MACHINES, BICYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, exchanged if not approved. GREATEST REDUCTION FOR CASH.  
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women" would be a less demoralising spectacle than Hamlet as pourtrayed by Henry Irving, Esq., modern tragedian. Did the Bishop ever see Macready, when he was young and used to dance? Has Dr. Fraser ever seen Mr. Irving's Hamlet? or, for that matter, "Madame Angot," the opera which he condemns? Probably he has heard, at least, selections from the opera played on a barrel-organ, and has read reviews on Mr. Irving's performance. They are both bad to our mind. Irving is by far the worst, though; and as to "Madame Angot," the music is pretty when you hear it for the first time, which is something in an opera, though when performed in English it is decidedly more dull than indecent. It is our trade to write of these things, and we have had frequent occasion to find fault with the Prince's Theatre, as with others. But we do not expect to save souls, or convert sinners, by our criticisms. Oh, no; it is popularity that we fish for, nothing more, and we know in what waters to angle therefor. If we were to go a-fishing in the deeps of theology, where would our popularity be? What is this at the end of the line? It is a volume of sermons by Bishop Butler. Nay, there are many volumes. He is a practical divine, if you like; and in one page of him you will find more real-life lessons than in ten columns of Bishop Fraser. Read and compare for yourselves. Here is hard, downright hitting in every line. No theological hair-splitting, as you might perhaps expect, but plain substantial rules of conduct—so plain almost that he who runs may read, and so simple that the simplest reader cannot fail to grasp some good in what he reads. How far away from our daily struggles, and yet how mysteriously near! Read to us, my Lord Bishop, next time you come before us, some extracts from Bishop Butler; or, as there is plenty of wit and originality in you, give us a sermon or speech or two after his pattern. Leave off fishing in shallow waters where you will catch nothing, save that lean, starveling popularity. Do not go on twaddling any more about music-halls, and theatres, and dancing-saloons. You are worthy of better things; the Jackdaw says so.

#### HALF-HOURS WITH MY MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[BY CLAUDE HENPECK, ESQ.]

**S**CENE.—Bantam Villa. Time: Breakfast time. Mrs. Motherington speaks.

WELL, this is very pleasant; I can hardly bring myself to imagine that I was a hundred miles away this time yesterday. What do you say, Willie? How much is a hundred miles? Oh, it is a very long way, ever so far; and to think that grandma came all that way on purpose to see you. Just fancy, a hundred miles contains—but you have learnt at school how many thousand yards there are in a mile; and to think of all that distance. It is dreadful! What is dreadful, Mr. Henpeck? After all, if we love one another, miles or yards are nothing, nothing at all. How many yards are there in a mile, Willie? Oh, you need not bother the children with those things now, Claude; they have plenty of that in their lessons. I am here now, that is the chief thing to be thankful for. Willie, say grace! Grace has been—[Willie: For these and all other mercies, etc.] Grace has been said once already, and it is a mockery that it should be repeated. One cannot be too thankful! No; but it takes away the solemnity. You do not want to be solemn? I confess, Emma, that I do not understand your husband; he has a strange way of talking. You are sorry it is not good enough for me? I'm sure I should be the last to complain, but it is not respectful before the children. What have you said? I repeat I do not complain, I am used to it in this house, and expect nothing else. Why do I come if it is not good enough for me? There is a nice speech; just as if anything except duty would have induced me to come, and the pleasure of seeing you all, of course; but when I meet with nothing but black looks—I know that it is not your fault, Emma, though you might take my part, I think. What's that, Mr. Henpeck? I am quite capable of taking my own part? Well,

it is a good job that I am. I don't know where I should be if I were always to sit quiet. I should be welcome here! That is as much as to say that I am not welcome now. You didn't say so? I know you didn't say it; but this is a bad preparation for the Sacred Ceremony. No one would think that your seventh child was going to be Christened to-day. I am sorry to see you so hardened. It was the other six that did it? Profane, indeed! I wonder you do not shudder. Do you believe in the efficacy of baptism? Fiddlesticks! Well, I only hope that if you do go to church no judgment will befall you. You will make sure of it by not going? Not go to church! not go!—you might as well live in a heathen land, where marriage is unknown. And mothers-in-law! How is it, I wonder, that this fashion arose of making a joke about the most sacred relationships of life? It is no joke! Of course, not; I'm too long accustomed to it to take it in fun, not that I can take a joke as well as anybody. My son-in-law, Edward, can joke with me by the hour together, and make himself pleasant, and never lose his temper. He must be an angel! Now, when I think of the difference between this house and some that I know—You have never seen this house when it was at peace! No, I really never have, and I don't suppose I ever shall; but I have given up hoping for what I know to be impossible. It is impossible for me to be in two places at once! If that is meant to be a joke, or something funny, I don't understand it. Nobody can be in two places at once. I believe you say things for the sake of talking. Well, Emma, it is no use vexing oneself in this world, life is too short; we are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. You are very sorry I am going so soon! Who said anything about going, I should like to know? Why, I have hardly had time to make myself at home yet. But now let us remember the serious business which is before us. These occasions come so seldom—Only once a year! I can see, Mr. Henpeck, that you are not in a proper frame of mind to go to church. You have not had your smoke yet? Any other man would not think of smoking on a day like this; but it is useless talking to you. Come, let us get ready. Of course, we shall all go together.

[Of course, we did.—C. H.]

#### POOR OLD MILEY.

**T**HIS does seem rather rough on Old Miley, but the Eastern Question must be kept going, or diplomats would get rusty. Old Miley was, as the *Prescot Reporter* tells us, "the first victim to the ambition of Russia and the governmental disorder of Turkey," and this is the roundabout way in which he became a victim. Miley did odd jobs in Prescot, and obtained occasional engagements to carry the heavy portions of Lord Derby's correspondence from the post-office at Prescot when the Foreign Secretary was at Knowsley.... "Owing to the Eastern difficulty, Lord Derby has been very little at Knowsley since the opening of Parliament last year, and consequently Old Miley has earned very little by carrying despatches. It was a great trouble to the old man when he found that his best source of income was closed to him, and for two or three months he has been looking worse every week. Had there been no Eastern difficulty," continues the *Reporter*, "and Lord Derby had returned to Knowsley when Parliament (and our contemporary in its just indignation spells Parliament with a small p) was prorogued, we believe Old Miley would have been living yet." We have heard a good deal about relief for the victims in the East; surely this home victim of the East had some claim upon us. The old man is dead now, but it is not too late to do something for his widow. If Lord Derby has any more such dependents, we should be glad to see his lordship at Knowsley again immediately. Some people will be ill-natured enough, when they read this paragraph, to think that it would have been just as well for the country as for Old Miley if the noble earl had spent the whole of the recess at home; but we all know that such people are unpatriotic nobodies.

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**ROBINSON CRUSOE**  
The GRANDEST SPECTACLE and  
MOST AMUSING PANTOMIME EVER WITNESSED.  
*Vide the opinion of the whole Press of Manchester.*

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**GRAND CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME,**  
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**ROBINSON CRUSOE AND HIS MAN FRIDAY;**  
Or. WICKED KING CRAB and the GOOD FAIRY CORAL FROM UNDER THE SEA.  
WRITTEN BY F. C. BURNAND, ESQ.  
The plot arranged by, and the whole produced under, the personal direction of MR. SIDNEY.

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Cora.....		
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Ban the Bo'sen (in love with Mrs. Crusoe).....	Miss LAURA PAY
Baccastopper (the bold buccaneer).....	Mr. J. WAINWRIGHT
King Kalibro (Chief of the Cannibals).....	Mr. FRANK BARSBY
Dinah (his Queen).....	Mr. PALMER
Rumtufus (his Prime Minister).....	Mr. BAINS
Folly (Robinson's Sweetheart).....	Miss ROSE LEE
Dame Crusoe (Robinson's Stepmother).....	Mr. H. D. BURTON
The Sea Bird of great renown	By A DOWNEY BEAK
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COMIC SCENES AND HARLEQUINADE, by the MARTINETTE FAMILY.

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TO-MORROW (Saturday), January 13; Monday, January 15; Tuesday, January 16;  
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Box-office open daily from eleven till four o'clock, and from seven until nine o'clock.

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Lower Circles and Stalls .....	2s. 6d.   Pit .....	1s. 6d.
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TIME TABLE.

7.30	The FALLING CLIFFS.	9.25	GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.
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7.35	The CABIN BOY, Roar of Laughter	9.40	LEVANTINE, the American Wonder.
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8.00	DIAMOND VALLEY.	10.00	RUSSIAN SKATING TROUPE.
8.20	GRAND WIFE AUCTION SCENE.	10.10	THE SNOW-FLAKE BALLET.
8.30	BOUNDERS OF THE BOSPHORUS.	10.20	THE FALLING SNOWSTORM.
8.35	CANFIELD and BOOKER.		
8.45	The Latest PARISIAN COSTUMES.		
9.00	The FAIRIES' FAN.		

Box-office open from eleven to three daily, and seats can be secured during any performance.

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TO-MORROW (Saturday), January 13; Monday, January 15; Tuesday, January 16;  
Wednesday, January, 17; Thursday, January 18; and Saturday, January 20;  
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**GERMAN FAIR.—WHATE'S, BRIDGE STREET.**  
**TOYS, DOLLS, GAMES, etc., suitable for PRESENTS.**  
**ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND PENNY TOYS.**  
**EXPEDITION TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.**  
**CHRISTMAS AT THE NORTH POLE.**

ILLUMINATION! ILLUMINATION!  
THE MONSTER SILVER CHRISTMAS TREE, 25ft. high, will be  
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MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.

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Upwards of fifty Dissolving Views,  
And to-morrow (Saturday) evening, Descriptive Melodies and Concerted Music by Miss Fanny Bristow, Mr. C. J. Hall, Mr. H. T. Robberds, and Mr. Meadows.  
Aquarium open all day. Fishes fed at 8.30. Bus every seven minutes. Prices as usual. Children half-price.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

HAT the Bishop was unable to be present at the Real Ice Skating-rink, and to put on a pair of skates, because he was looking after the cure of soles.

That after the Mayor had joined in a waltz on the ice his head began to swim, and he declared it to be a real ice skating-rink.

That in the event of the Mayor having gone through the ice, he would have described himself as a crack skater.

That Mons. Pictet, the superintendent, goes in for *Ici on parle Français*. That when Mr. French talks about the forthcoming mission as a "mongrel mission," it would be well if he remembered that curs ought to be muzzled.

That a traveller by the sleeping carriages which start from the London Road station snored so frightfully that he almost disturbed some of the sleepers—on the permanent way.

That the churchwardens at the Cathedral are going to make themselves ob-Knox-ions to the Dean over his appointment of Mr. Little as missioner.

That everybody was delighted to see Mr. Headlam, in Father Jackson and Shippey case, give Mr. Taylor a wigging.

That Mr. Joseph Thompson was heard on the bench to remark that a Taylor's only the ninth part of a barrister.

That it could not surely be that the Bishop of Salford failed to bail out Father Jackson, the other day, because his reverence had too much on board.

That the *Courier* reporter who went to church to hear the Bishop of Salford, was very much disturbed by the Bishop's remarks.

That if the Bishop said, as reported, "the writers are known to God," he was sincerely desirous of giving the Devil his due.

That what the Bishop really said was, "The writers are known to Gadd."

That the minority in the City Council who approve, for the new municipal buildings in Albert Square, City Hall, have adopted as their favourite pub. the "City Arms."

That Sir Joseph Heron regards the Queen's approaching visit to Manchester as a decided case of knight Ma(y)re.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF SIR JOHN HOLKER.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—It has been often said that Bury is the birthplace of Sir John Holker, but to-day I have heard the statement disputed. Would you kindly give this currency,\* so that we Bury folk may have the benefit of the doubt?

A BURY MUFF.

Bury, January 8, 1877.

\* We readily give this any currency we have, as it does not cost us a brass farthing.—ED. C. J.

## ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC.

[IN VIEW OF RECENT EVENTS.]

EVERY person should keep a diary carefully, so as to account for every moment of time spent.

Take care never to do anything, or be anywhere without a witness, so that you may be able to prove an *alibi* at any time.

Never walk in the mud, lest your footprints should become evidence against you.

Learn to make and mend your own boots, so that no cobbler will be able to swear to them.

Never go to places of amusement, lest a raid on that place should be made unawares, and you cast into prison.

Always keep by you a sum of money to pay for your defence in case of being accused of some dreadful crime.

Remember that the agencies for the repression and discovery of crime in this country are so powerful that no man's character ought to be considered safe.

Reflect on the uncertainties of human life, and that you may be arrested at any moment; you will thus be prepared for the worst.

Never despise the meanest of your fellow-creatures, but remember that his unsupported testimony may be a powerful weapon against you.

When you are arrested on any charge reflect that if you did not commit the crime somebody else did.

Or else reflect that even if the crime was not committed at all still your arrest is gratifying evidence of the activity of the police.

## TOOTH SHOWS HIS TEETH!

WE have received six and a half cart-loads of conundrums, verses, essays, and letters, bearing on the case of the Rev. Arthur Tooth, rector of St. James's, Hatcham. Take the following specimens furnished by our own rival Disestablishment Dentists:—

## TEETH EXTRACTED.

Oh, what a stir throughout the land,

And all 'bout this, forsooth:

Nor Judge nor Bishop can command

The skill to draw A. Tooth!

## PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

When Parsons play at Pantomime,

And make a toy of Truth,

Then stop their screws—confound the rhyme!—

Just as I'd stop A. Tooth!

We are prepared to sell the whole of the said contributions, a bargain, to the Dean of Manchester, the Liberation Society, or the Waste-paper Dealer. Early application will be necessary, as the *Jackdaw* cannot go on hatching jokes from week to week so long as the office is encumbered with reams of rubbish relating to this Affair of Hatcham.

## NOTES IN THE CITY COUNCIL.

M'R. FOX TURNER, in the rôle of *Diabolus Advocatus*, to which he has of late addicted himself somewhat too freely, inveighed for half an hour in the Council on Wednesday against the Police, and the powers that be generally. His nominal clients were the seventeen poor Innocents Abroad who were arrested by the police while assisting, a few weeks ago, at a filthy and indecent exhibition in Oxford Street. After the exposure of the real nature of this place, which has been made since Mr. Turner tabled his motion, we had expected that he would drop the unsavoury subject, and let it sink into oblivion. He did not choose to do so, and he had the distinction of stirring up the most unpleasant discussion we have ever had the misfortune to listen to at a public meeting. His mirthful genius seemed to have deserted him with his judgment, and his speech was, perhaps appropriately, so coarse and ribald that the no means squeamish audience which attends the City Council refused to laugh when he made sport for them. In parts it was almost as unfit for publication as the police reports filled with disgusting details, which the Mayor, in the exercise of a wise discretion, interrupted Mr. Alderman Bennett in reading. We have no desire to prolong the discussion of a subject which it would be well altogether to forget. The action of Captain Irwin and the police, even as regards the Seventeen Innocents, was, it appears to us, amply justified by the fact that not one of them was taken into custody who had not already seen enough of the nasty performance as to convince them of its improper character, and it was only as those who had already supped full of horrors, and were still morbidly asking for more, that they were subjected to any indignity. It is pitiable to learn that the seventeen Sweet Innocents were young lads, like the two Grammar School boys who have been forced into such unpleasant notoriety, and hoary old sinners who had passed the middle term of life.

## FIRESIDE COLUMN.

## ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 6).

1. K I N E  
2. N E V E R  
3. I N G O M A R  
4. G O N D O L A  
5. H A W A R D E N  
6. T O A S T

Correct solution of No. 6 from Ivy, Netherlands, X.Y.Z., Nab, Tramp, Always Right, Hoopstick, A.B.

Acknowledged, with thanks.—A.W., Fors, H.M.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC (No. 7).

AGAINST my first my second matched  
Are in a hapless plight,  
For schemes in seminary hatched  
Are seldom brought to light.  
The bull's-eye flash is no where when  
It falls upon the paths of men,  
Whose intemperial plan has been  
Unwearied work for ends unseen;  
But still they've clearly made a mess;  
As all our readers must confess;  
We mention "them," and if you ask, "Who?"  
Refer you to a late fiasco.

I.  
The "great unpaid"  
We call in aid.

II.  
A little more and I'm a hero,  
Or, if you like, reduced to zero;  
You cannot guess from the above?  
Then add a third, and I am "love."

III.  
The schoolboy for his lessons loth  
Is to the snail compared for sloth.

IV.  
Echo, in Latin, answers "Where!"  
Go to that tongue and find me there.

V.  
"Me also bless, my sire," said he;  
"Some blessing there must be for me."

VI.  
"Tis true I'm last, but I must state  
The place is most appropriate.

N.B.—It is suggested to correspondents that it is best to use a pseudonym or other form of signature in preference to initials. The sending of these may lead to confusion.

Communications must in all cases be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, at our office, and should be sent not later than Tuesday night.

## LITERARY NOTES.

ST. ALBAN'S PARISH MAGAZINE. Vol. I, No. 1. Price Twopence.

**H**IS is for many reasons a very interesting little publication. From the preface we learn that it is issued for the purpose of giving information relative to the church and parish in a handy way, and the information is judiciously blent with amusement. A casual glance at these pages would, we think, convey a tolerable accurate notion of the character of the Rev. Knox Little, the rector of the parish, for among other practical items we find that this gentleman figures as Superior of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, Provost of the Parochial Guild of St. Alban, Rector of St. Alban's, President of the St. Alban's Drum and Fife Band, and President of the St. Alban's Hare and Hounds Club. The Rev. J. C. Weaver's name appears as deputy in each instance as vice-president or vice-provost, and so on as the case may be, so that it may be said that though Mr. Knox Little plays many *rôles* he has only one vice. The magazine teems with parochial information of a similar character, the impression left on the mind being one of genial steadfastness and hearty work in the interest of soul and body, while Mr. Knox Little continues to keep the place in the hearts of his congregation which

he evidently holds, and to take the interest in the welfare of his parish which evidently guides him, he need care little for the sour word here and there of the outside world, its shallow bigotry and contemptible parodies of Christian zeal. Take the following advertisement for example:—

"MANCHESTER AND SALFORD CHURCH MISSION.—Gentlemen willing to act on a Committee for arranging a Large Public Meeting of Churchmen who desire to protest against the Dean's nomination of a notorious ecclesiastical law-breaker, the Rev. Knox Little, as a Missioner to the Old Parish Church of Manchester during the coming Mission, are requested to send in their names to the Churchwardens of the parish of Manchester without delay."

A man who does his duty here on earth by cheering bodies and saving souls can afford to rate the utterances of foul-mouthed religious imposture at their true value, and go his simple way unheeding. As a sign of parochial vitality, and of good work done and in process of doing, we are glad to notice this monthly magazine, which is well edited, and contains some general literary matter of a fair character. We must, however, confess that the answers to correspondents are out of our depth—as, for instance, this one: "Eleanor regrets to tell A. H. that the glass jug has been destroyed." This and other items probably bear some deep parochial meaning into which the uninitiated should not pry.

MEMORIALS OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH. By C. W. Bardsley, M.A., Manchester. T. Howorth, St. Ann's Square.

Written, printed, and published in Manchester for Manchester people, this little book cannot fail to interest the local student, for whose especial behoof it is intended. It gives a carefully-written and arranged account of matters connected with St. Ann's Church and parish, which are not generally known, or concerning which errors are prevalent. We commend this book to the notice of that large number of readers who take an interest in such matters.

## OLD ENGLISH BALLADS.—No. X.

**J**T is extremely painful for me to be obliged to say anything against the dead, but I really cannot help remarking that the author of these ballads was evidently a good-for-nothing fellow. It occurred to me, when I came across the verses lately published, in which a worthy magistrate, who presided at the Salford police court at that time, was treated with great irreverence, that there was something wrong about the writer. The ballad now published has confirmed that impression. The intimate acquaintance shown by the author with the police courts of the two boroughs is, to say the least, suspicious; and I am strongly inclined to believe that he was one of those people whose pocket money was regularly and periodically diminished by the fines imposed on them for drunken and disorderly conduct. Moreover, he probably wrote the verses about Sir J. Mantell, and those below, out of spite against the magistrates who had justly convicted him. As I have before said, I cannot, as an antiquarian, suppress these verses because they are spiteful, but I can furnish the antidote to any wrong impression they may create, by assuring the readers that my researches enable me to bear testimony to the real worth and the high characters of the gentlemen so disgracefully satirised.

I once did tell a story  
Of a beak, and of his glory—  
Of a great stipendiary who in Salford town did dwell;  
And I now will tell another  
Of his very learned brother,  
Who was also understood to be a most important swell.  
His name was Francis Headlam  
(Which, you see, will rhyme with Bedlam),  
And he carried on his business at a shop in Minshull Street;  
And his look was truly awful  
When he heard of deeds unlawful,  
As he lounged with grace and freedom on his leather-covered seat.

He was very tall and slender—  
Quite a nob and a west-ender—  
And he wore a great big eye-glass on the corner of his nose.  
I believe, if he would level  
This same eye-glass at the Devil,  
Even Satan's fiery blood would then immediately have froze.  
They may talk about Medusa,  
But I'm sure she didn't use a  
Great big eye-glass like this beak did when he sat upon the bench.  
One might perhaps have stood the gorgons,  
And their petrifying organs,  
But this beak's confounded stare would every spark of courage quench.  
Yet, withal, he was so skittish,  
So refined, and so "young missish;"  
Or, I perhaps might say more justly, so much like an ancient prude;  
And he quickly put a stopper  
To everything the least improper,  
And would lift his hands with horror if you ventured to be rude.  
He was known as a red-tapeist,  
Especially if a Papist  
Was dragged before his worship by a vigilant police;  
For he then got so pedantic  
As to drive poor Taylor frantic  
In a manner he'll remember to the day of his decease.  
Such a champion he of order,  
So afraid to cross the border  
That divides routine procedure from a mode that isn't straight,  
That I think if he, when dying,  
Might have saved himself by trying  
Some new physic, he would rather have resigned him to his fate.  
How he used to sit and mutter,  
Like a bantam in a flutter,  
In a sort of growl or grumble, quite as if he didn't care  
Whether people caught the meaning  
He seemed anxious to be screening—  
It was really something awful just to hear reporters swear.  
Of course, I've no intention  
(As I'll take the leave to mention)  
Of abusing Mr. Headlam for his funny little ways;  
And I now will, in conclusion,  
Say 'twas simply a delusion—  
Was the rumour that his worship ever wore a pair of stays.

## THE THEATRES.

**A** GENERAL impression of colds and hoarseness is the chief material gathered from a round of the theatres this week. Members of the theatrical profession have of all persons the best reason to grumble at the present extraordinary vagaries of the weather, as any one will be convinced just now by personal observation. The conditions of stage life are such, especially at pantomime time, as to cause peculiar susceptibility to atmospheric influence, and the results at present are especially disastrous. However, as we cannot control the elements, we have only to sympathise, make kindly allowances, and wish the genial hard-working artists well through their troubles. The management of the Queen's have done their best to frighten away the blues by providing a really first-rate programme. There is, first of all, Mr. Buckstone's well-known comedy, "Married Life," which abounds in wit of the old-fashioned rough and ready order, and is more than fairly played by the company. Miss D'Elmar and Mr. A. Raymond may be picked out for special praise. Mr. Raymond sustains the part of Mr. Samuel Coddle with fun and finish, and proves that he has in him some of the genuine stuff which means promise. Miss D'Elmar, as Mrs. Younghusband, is clever and vivacious, though the character might be so managed as to lose none of its energy by being lady-like. This, we are bound to say, is a sin of commission rather of omission, for Miss D'Elmar can be lady-like if she likes, and is never inclined to be dull. Miss Willmott had such a dreadful cold when we saw her in the part of

Mrs. Dove, that she could do no more than walk through it. The lady, however, can have no pretensions as a comedian, though we have had frequent occasion to commend her in other walks of the profession. A piece, whether it be comedy, tragedy, pantomime, or burlesque, would, of course, be nowhere at this theatre without the presence of Mr. W. G. Herwyn. On this occasion, beyond the personal need of approbation which is always accorded to this favourite performer, Mr. Herwyn does not distinguish himself. Miss Clara Lisle, as Mrs. Lionel Lynx, is graceful, pathetic, and dignified. On the whole, the manner in which this play is produced throws a spell of interest on the hardened playgoer by a touch of old times, and affords considerable amusement of the legitimate sort. The extravaganza of the "Yellow Dwarf," which succeeds, is a capital piece, well mounted, and having the advantage of an able and powerful company. It belongs to the pantomime type of extravaganza, and abounds in supernatural incidents, clever songs and puns, dances, choruses, and breakdowns. The dresses are new and pretty, the ballet has been augmented, and the scenery is tasteful. Miss D'Elmar again distinguishes herself here, and Mademoiselle Zerlina Zerbini makes her first appearance. This lady is clever, dances well and indefatigably, and acts with piquancy and self-possession. Mr. Charles Otley is also entertaining as the Yellow Dwarf. The sensation of the evening, however, is provided by the talking head, a nondescript contrivance, which is comically managed by Mr. G. Francis, producing unlimited merriment. No description can do adequate justice to this interlude. We hope to be able to congratulate the management on the success which the present programme deserves.

Of the two other theatres it need only be said that "Robinson Crusoe" has now got into good working order at the Royal, and is fully appreciated by thronged audiences. We have seen no better comic business running throughout a pantomime than that at this theatre. Mr. Wainwright is especially diverting. The comic element which is wanting in the framework of the Prince's pantomime is made up for to some extent by the interludes, which are, many of them, very laughable. The manoeuvres of the Russian skaters cause inexhaustible fun, though the dressing of a man in women's clothes is objectionable to us. Nor do we like the dresses of the bounders of the Bosphorus, or Fifi flatters.

## COOKE'S CIRCUS.

**I**F we were asked which was the best and most amusing entertainment for children in the city, we should name Cooke's Circus, in Peter Street. An experiment made a few nights ago convinced us of this. There were a good many children there—not so many as there would be if the attractions of the place were fully known, but those who were present were kept in a continual state of amazed delight from half-past seven to ten. It is pleasant to take children to a place where they will laugh all the time, and be neither frightened nor bored. Modern pantomimes are too strong meat for children, even when they are as funny as that at the Royal. The Messrs. Cooke, in catering so excellently for children of a larger growth, have provided an entertaining resort for the little ones. Here is nothing which they cannot understand, nothing which can frighten them, and no bad lesson to be learnt. Among the rounds of applause which greet the most successful part of the show, the sound of children's laughter, and the clapping of tiny hands, are conspicuously heard. Nor is this all. The Messrs. Cooke and the other people engaged are especially clever entertainers. A double juggling trick by Messrs. H. and Welby Cooke, who career round the ring, each on his horse, tossing all sorts of objects from one to the other, and spinning and balancing them in various ways, is a marvel of cleverness. Mr. Welby Cooke seems to be able to do anything he likes on the back of a horse, and his feats could hardly be surpassed. They outdo even many stories which have been told in print of wondrous horsemanship, and deemed fabulous. For instance, as a horse of more than average height

**WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.**—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic doloreux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily affects a cure. In bottles, 13*fl. oz.* and 2*fl. oz.*, from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudhill.

is galloping round, this clever gentleman mounts it at a jump, alighting on his feet. This is only a small item in his programme. The trained horses are docile and interesting in the extreme. The clowns are agile; and as a commendable reform in this part of the business, it may be mentioned that the coarseness of language and demeanour usually associated with circus clowns is entirely eliminated. The clowning at the circens used to be a distinct bid for the applause of the vulgar and prurient. Under the present *regime* this is not so, much to the relief of numbers of people who can enjoy fun, but do not like scurrility. Of the rest of this excellent entertainment there is no space to speak, but sufficient indications of our opinion have been given. The house is prettily decorated, and commodiously fitted up, so as to suit the purses and condition of all classes of visitors. The courtesy and attention paid to visitors deserves especial mention.

#### THE FIGHT FOR THE INFIRMARY.

**W**E make no apology for again taking up the one local subject of interest. As Sir Joseph Heron said the other day, the Infirmary question is the most important that has ever been before the citizens of Manchester. It is almost as interesting a study as the Eastern question, and its course is perhaps more winding and tortuous. All who are interested in the question will remember that before the last meeting at the Town Hall, Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., wrote a letter to all the newspapers, urging trustees to attend, and give their votes on that occasion, because the decision was to be "ultimate." Notwithstanding that written statement, there has scarcely been a meeting of those irresponsible gentlemen who in times past have arrogated the functions of the weekly board without the question being raised as to how the decision then arrived at could be reversed. Mr. Maclure, ten days ago, gave notice of his intention to move a resolution with a view to take the vote of the trustees by proxy—a mode of voting which is discredited all over the world. Our own House of Lords voluntarily gave up the right of voting by proxy, because it found that that mode of voting brought it into contempt; and yet in Manchester, of all places, an attempt is to be made on Monday next to introduce it into the constitution of the Infirmary. Mr. Maclure, and others at the weekly board, declared that the alteration of this rule had no reference to the removal of the Infirmary; and as Mr. Maclure and Mr. Birley are honourable men, we are compelled to make an effort to believe them, and we may say we do believe them. Others, however, are sceptical, and will go to the meeting on Monday to vote against the alteration because they are in fear of ulterior proceedings. A still greater number will vote against Mr. Maclure's proposed alteration because they resent what they call the indiscreet haste with which it has been brought forward, after what Mr. Birley said would be the "ultimate decision" as to the removal of the Infirmary. It is curious how very suspicious outsiders are about the proceedings of the weekly board. We tried, in the kindest spirit last week, to sketch the *personnel* of the board, and we put in a good word for every one of the members. But there are others who cannot see eye to eye with us, and who, out of the smallest transaction, will construct a theory of conspiracy. The meeting of Monday next was ordered by the board to be called, as the last one was, in the Town Hall at three o'clock. Mr. Maclure at one time thought that a little hole-and-corner meeting in the board-room of the Infirmary would be sufficient for the purpose of altering the rule about voting, but he reckoned without Mr. Alderman King, who insisted that it must be in the Town Hall, as before. The meeting was then advertised for three o'clock on Monday, but—and this is where suspicious trustees smell a rat—the meeting has since been altered, without any authority from the board, to twelve o'clock in the morning instead of three o'clock in the afternoon. We believe that the rules state that ten clear days' notice must be given of a special meeting, and if that be so, the meeting on Monday will be illegal, for the ten clear days' notice have not been given of the twelve o'clock meeting on Monday next. The

consequence of this may be that any resolution passed at the meeting may be declared to be illegal.

There was very little of interest in the proceedings of the weekly board last Monday morning. It took ten old men and two young ones half an hour to persuade Mr. Birley, M.P., that the mere reading of a recommendation from the deputy treasurers about an advance of the salaries of the officials was not a formal motion given in the weekly board to that effect. Mr. Birley was convinced at last, and the meeting broke up. It was a tiresome meeting, for there were no rows. Mr. Maclure had no chance of getting indignant, and he had nothing all through to repudiate. He did not go out into the lobby more than twice. Dr. Morgan is known as the "Infirmary Orator." Out of sympathy with his patients, he generally speaks as if he were afflicted with hysteria, but last Monday he had nothing to say. It is true that Dr. Reed, as a rule, represents the medical staff at the board meetings, and that Dr. Morgan is only put up at meetings like those at the Town Hall, where—as at the Conservative ball—the audience is "rather mixed." Dr. Reed can speak easily enough when he has the majority of the weekly board with him, and when he has an admiring audience; but for audiences like those of the Town Hall, where you do not know whom you are to meet—for there are all sorts of people there—Dr. Morgan is selected. We wonder if Dr. Morgan ever was a schoolmaster, or if his habit of hectoring and scolding grown-up men, who are not all of them his inferiors, arises from the necessity of lecturing, and it may be of hectoring, boy students at Owens College.

#### CAWS OF THE WEEK.

**W**E gladly give to the following advertisement, which appeared in the daily papers on Tuesday, the benefit of any additional publicity it may derive from an appearance in our columns:

THE CONGREGATIONAL SOIREE of the Presbyterian Church, Grosvenor Square, announced for To-morrow (Wednesday), 10th instant,  
WILL NOT TAKE PLACE.  
Due notice will be given  
WHEN IT IS TO BE HELD.

This excellent bull makes it apparent that connected with Mr. Gardiner's congregation there must be at least one Irish Presbyterian.

The indefatigable Rev. W. Rigby Murray, in addition to managing the affairs of a large congregation, whose numbers and influence have been greatly increased under his ministry, and keeping an eye upon the sins of omission and commission, of which his co-Presbyters and their sessions, deacons' courts, and congregations, have been, or may be, guilty, is prepared to undertake a general censorship of the daily press. This we gather from the following notice of motion which he tabled on Monday for consideration at next meeting of Presbytery:

That in the opinion of this Presbytery the publication by the daily press of immoral and disgusting details in connection with criminal prosecutions is not conducive to the interests of morality.

As improper reading is what the *Jackdaw* avoids, confining its attention chiefly to ecclesiastical intelligence, and more particularly reports of Presbytery proceedings, we are unable to say to what particular enormities on the part of our contemporaries Mr. Murray desires to honour with additional public attention. So far as we have noticed recent cases reported in the daily press of Manchester, they have for the most part related to gentlemen of Mr. Murray's cloth, against some of whom just, and others unjust, charges have been made. It is of the utmost consequence that the character of public professors of religion and morality should be publicly vindicated when they are innocent, and that criminal clerks should be brought to justice and condign punishment if they are righteously accused. It may happen occasionally that in their attempts to satisfy the natural wish of those who take an interest in maintaining the standard of public morality, and in justice to those whose characters are in question, that newspaper editors may be compelled to admit into

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## THE CITY JACKDAW.

V.

their column's statements which they, more perhaps than anybody else, regret to see there. But the Manchester daily press with justice claims a very high standard of purity. It may not be known to Mr. Murray, who is comparatively a new man amongst us, but it is pretty generally known, that the proprietors of the Manchester daily papers within the last few years have voluntarily sacrificed large sums—we have heard it estimated at £2000 a year in one case—rather than publish a class of racing news and sporting advertisements which were supposed to give an undue encouragement to betting. This heroic resolution has done no good so far as suppressing racing, betting, or gambling is concerned; but it has made the fortune of a less scrupulous Tory paper in a neighbouring town, and the Yorkshire farmer now takes in his sporting news plus daily doses of Toryism nearly as demoralising. Mr. Murray has a month to think over his speech, and we trust he may give it more careful preparation than he has bestowed upon the terms in which he has framed his vote of censure. A namesake of his, familiar to our youth as Lindley, would teach him that it was scarcely correct to invest a "detail" with either moral or "immoral" qualities. If Mr. Murray should ever catch an "immoral detail" walking out alone in Brunswick Street, or dancing riotously in Victoria Park, we give him leave to administer thereupon any castigation he may think fit.

An incident attending the acquittal of the Rev. Father Jackson on the charge of attempting to poison the girl Josephine Morris has been overlooked by the daily papers in their accounts of the congratulations amid which the reverend gentleman left the court. A well-known lady in the congregation attending the Church of the Holy Name thought that the very best that could be done to celebrate the victory of the faith over the machinations of its enemies was to escort the victorious priest home with musical honours. Accordingly, she employed a Fife and Drum Band on her own responsibility, and not only so, but instructed the leader as to the tunes he ought to play. Her selection was peculiar, but it was played according to her wishes, and consisted of three well-known airs: "See the Conquering Hero Comes," "Faith of our Fathers," and "The Girl I left Behind Me."

A neat reprint, in a clear bold type, of Mr. John Bright's recent speech at Rochdale, has been published by Mr. John Heywood. The speech has been revised by the author, and its appropriate title is his motto, "Be just and fear not." The reprint makes a handy and compact pamphlet, of twenty-four crown octavo pages, stitched and covered, and we trust

will obtain an extensive circulation among the members of Liberal Clubs, to whom it will be found a valuable repository of the facts and arguments in favour of free-trade policy.

### AQUARIUM ARCTIC EXHIBITION.

**T**HIS exhibition continues to draw good houses. For to-morrow (Saturday) evening, a special attraction has been provided. In addition to the dissolving views, to be exhibited for the thirty-fourth time, there will be a descriptive concert by a number of accomplished vocalists. Mr. C. J. Hall, who has frequently distinguished himself in this capacity, will preside at the pianoforte, and he will be assisted by Miss Fanny Bristow, Mr. H. T. Robberds, and Mr. Meadows.

### TO OUR READERS.

Many complaints having reached us, from the suburbs of Manchester and Salford, that the CITY JACKDAW cannot be obtained early on Friday, we beg to say that copies of the paper will be posted to any address, on THURSDAY EVENINGS, on the following prepaid terms:—Quarterly, 1s. 8d.; Half-yearly, 8s. 8d.; Yearly, 6s. 6d. BACK NUMBERS can be had from Wholesale Agents.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

**H. Butter.**—Our "valuable paper" cannot afford it. We are not to be buttered in that way. **Things Worth Knowing, W. M.**—They will not be made known through the medium you propose.

**Alpha.**—The joke is so old that even the waste-paper basket is ashamed of it.

**A Walk Through the Fields.**—We would not encourage you to trespass on the fields of literature.

**A Would-be Contributor.**—We have received the stamp, and will send the MS. if we can find it. Two pence more, and you shall have the whole contents of the waste-paper basket.

**Silence Gives Consent.**—There is a receptacle under the table which positively seems to wink.

**Y. M. C. A.**—Which, being interpreted in our own way, means "You Most Confounded Ass!"

**J. S., Southport.**—(1) It was an inadvertence. R. Haworth was born, as you say, a Bury Muff, and not a Bolton Trotter. (2) The error, which does not seem to affect the main facts, was copied from some of the correspondents quoted.

## COOKE'S ROYAL CIRCUS, PETER STREET, MANCHESTER.

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Prices, 3s., 2s., 1s., and 6d. Children under ten years of age half-price to all parts except gallery. Half-price at a quarter to nine to stalls and boxes only. Box-office open from 11 to 3 daily. Seats reserved per letter or telegram.

*C. H. REED, Box-office Book-keeper.*

**FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED** to have the Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastics 1s., at 4, Birmingham-st., London-nd.

## THE CITY JACKDAW.

**CURE FOR INTEMPERANCE**, Quick, Safe, and Sure. Prepared by M. R. C., who will give references on application to nearly all the leading Temperance Reformers and medical men. This remedy has never failed to effect a cure when taken according to instructions.

BURTON'S Concentrated BALM of LIFE. A teaspoonful to be taken in a glass of water whenever the craving for strong drink comes on. A bottle will be sent, carriage free, on receipt of 5s. 6d. in stamps or post-office order, payable to R. BURTON, 26, Fulham-road, Brixton, London, S.W. No intoxicating drink is to be taken. See letter of instructions enclosed with each bottle.

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GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINTS  
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arising from a disordered state of the  
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They are sold by all Medicine Vendors, in Boxes at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. each; or should any difficulty occur, enclose 14, 33, or 54 stamps, according to size, to PAGE D. WOODCOCK, "Lincoln House," St. Faith's, NORWICH (formerly of Lincoln), and they will be sent free by return of post.

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For the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blisters, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising.

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N.B.—HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4th, 1876.

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Prices for Children, 5s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Adults, 10s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 22s. each, postage free.

**J. White, Manufacturer, 228, Piccadilly,  
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### RUPTURES CURED WITHOUT TRUSSES.

Dr. THOMSON'S remedy is the only known cure for these terrible complaints, and is applicable to every case of single or double rupture, however bad or long standing, in either sex, of any age, affecting a perfect cure, in a short time, without confinement or pain. This wonderful discovery has cured thousands of cases, and it cannot be appreciated as a blessing by all who have ever worn trusses, bandages, or other galling supports. Sent free by post, with full directions for use, on receipt of postage stamps or post-office order for 10s., payable at the General Post-office to Ralph Thomson, 55, Bartholomew Road, Kentish Town, London. Extracts from testimonials: "I find myself completely cured and have tried every means to prove the cure by lifting and running, which, I am happy to say, I can do without pain or using any truss." F. W. "Your remedy has cured my rupture, and I have used violent exertion since, without any sign of its reappearance." Miss S. "—A fair time has elapsed since I used your remedy; moreover, I have been examined by our surgeon, who declares I am quite cured. J. P. "—My rupture being 14 years old, I never expected so perfect a cure." E. L. "—I now write to tell you my daughter is perfectly cured by your remedy." Mrs. H. "—Consultations daily, from 10 till 12, Sunday excepted. Fee, one guinea."

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